

# WAS THIS PHOTOGRAPH ACHIEVED BY THOUGHT WAVES?

An Astonishing Discovery Reported by a Washingtonian With a Camera.



Mr. Frederick, who is the photographer.

The photograph of a thought is, according to the claims of a Washingtonian, not only a possibility, but an accomplished thing. This Washingtonian is Julius E. Frederick, and he lives at No. 1125 15th street, Northwest.

Frederick claims to have practically demonstrated that he can do what he claims, and he produces as witnesses Mrs. William Glenn of No. 62 Seventh street and Mrs. Frederick, who is a neighbor of Mrs. Glenn. As silent testimony, he submits a photograph plate, on which are shown the faces of Mrs. Glenn, who was doing the posing and the thinking at the time the plate was made, and of Mrs. Frederick, who was at the time taking Mrs. Glenn's portrait, a mile away from the place where the plate was made. Frederick claims, and so does Mrs. Glenn, that there was nothing "freak and dried" about the taking of the photograph; that Mrs. Glenn simply took a seat before the camera, and began to think. "The thing she thought of was that she had an engagement to bring Mrs. Frederick to the 'photograph gallery,' and that she had not waited for her, Mrs. Frederick says that at the same time she was making Mrs. Glenn's portrait, and was thinking very vigorously that Mrs. Glenn should have waited for her. She thought of Mrs. Glenn at the photographer's.

And it is also this line of reasoning that the parties to this occurrence reach the decision that the thought of Mrs. Frederick was communicated to Mrs. Glenn, and that thus the camera came to receive upon its plate the features of Mrs. Frederick.

It is a queer theory, but every theory that has ever proven a scientific one has, at one stage or another of its development, seemed queer.

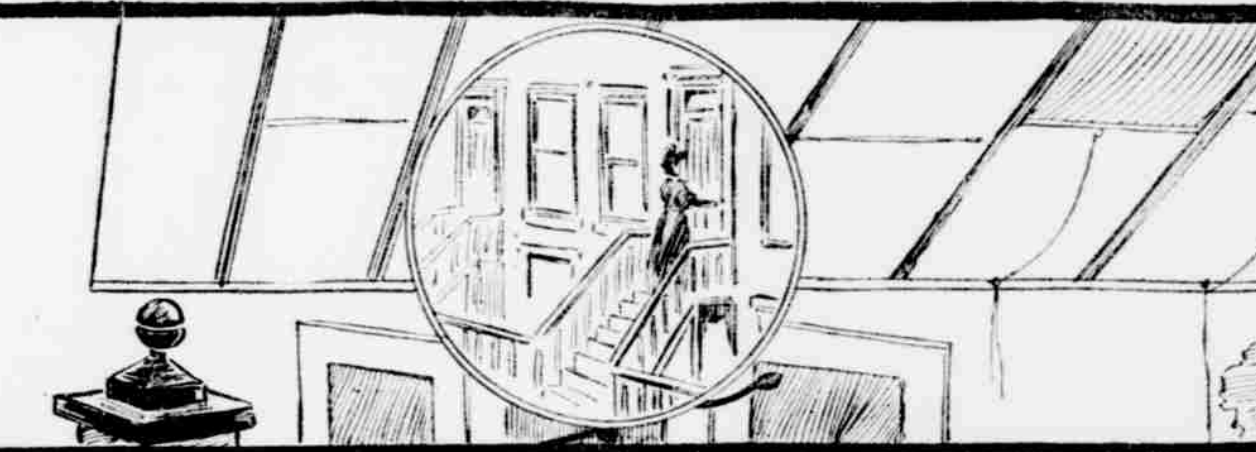
Mrs. Glenn thus explains the photograph

in which she figures, along with Mrs. Frederick.

"On the afternoon of November 21 last I went to Mr. Frederick's studio, by previous arrangement, for the purpose of assisting him in an experiment as to the possibility of photographing the person in one's thoughts. I had made an engagement to take Mrs. Frederick with me, but she was a little late, and I did not wait. When I reached the studio Mr. Frederick was ready and almost immediately placed the camera in position. I sat down before it and Mr. Frederick adjusted the instrument. Then he turned the camera, and told me to enter my thoughts upon some person and sit still. I did so, and thought of Mrs. Frederick. I had a very strong impression of her face, and I felt that she should have her picture taken that day. I wondered where she was, and at that moment I seemed to see her at my front door, ringing the door bell, and with an expression of provocation upon her face. The impression that came to my mind was very vivid, and just at that moment there was the sound of a click in the camera, and Mr. Frederick told me that will do."

"I had a natural curiosity as to how the camera would result, and I was determined to have no room in my mind for any possible doubt as to the entire honesty of the experiment. I am something of an amateur photographer myself, so I took the plate from the camera and carried it into the darkroom. Mr. Frederick did not touch it. I sat only a few minutes in the darkroom, but I developed it. Then we held the negative up to the light, and we saw that along with my picture there was a photograph of Mrs. Frederick. And on her face was that same expression of provocation that had come so vividly to my mind while I was sitting in the chair. Up to this time Mr. Frederick had not had the plate in his hand, but at this he became excited, and took the plate from me. Neither of us could well realize the thing that we saw before us. Mrs. Frederick's picture occupied an inverted position to my own, and it was just over my right shoulder. The front door, the bell and any of the surroundings were shown in the picture—only her face, that provoked expression, and the dress that I imagined she had on."

"Now here comes another interesting part of the story, and one of the truthfulness of which I have not the slightest doubt. Mrs. Frederick told me about it, before I had told her anything concerning the picture. She told me that at the exact moment that the impression of herself came to my mind she was at the front door, and ringing the bell, just as I had seen her do, and thinking very forcibly of my early departure. She says she felt provoked at my haste, and said 'but' when she was conversed that I was not there. She knew where I was, and pictured me to herself as sitting in front of the camera. We know that this happened at the exact moment



## THOMAS B. TARGEE, Who Once Saved St. Louis at the Cost of His Life, Has No Fitting Monument.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Nearly fifty years ago a man voluntarily sacrificed his life to stop a fire that threatened to destroy St. Louis. The monument to the memory of this hero is an alley that runs from Market street to Walnut street. This alley is called Targee street on the maps and in the city directory.

Thomas B. Targee was an auctioneer, and he had a place of business on the west side of Main street, between this street and Olive street. He was a member of the Volunteer Fire Department, which was in existence some years ago, and was a valiant fire fighter.

On the night of May 12, 1893, there occurred the greatest fire that St. Louis has ever known. This fire was caused by the blowing up of a burning building. Targee was the man who performed this feat. His body was shattered into small pieces that were found in every part of the city.

The fire started on the river front, on the steamer White Cloud. It spread to other steamers, and then leaped across the twenty feet of water to a row of two-story brick and stone buildings that lined the levee front. At the time the White Cloud burned, she was lying at the foot of what was known as Cherry street, a continuation of Franklin avenue east from Fourth street. Before it was stopped by the demolition of the building that Targee gave his life to accomplish, the fire had destroyed the levee front from Levee to Market street, and had extended as far west as a short distance east of Second street along Market street. Another fire, started by a burning boat that drifted down the river to the foot of Stone street, burned as far west as Third street.

There seemed no way of stopping the fire. No building could stand against it. The flames, fanned by a strong breeze from the northwest, are their way through whole blocks of houses. The volunteer firemen would do nothing to stop them. Water was impotent against the fire, no matter how great the torrents that were poured upon and into the buildings, they were consumed in a few moments.

For six hours, from 10 o'clock in the evening, the firemen fought valiantly. Among the most valiant of them was Targee. He was on horseback, dashing through burning buildings, directing streams of water from alleys, on both sides of which buildings were blazing—everywhere that a fireman should be—until his horse was stung and his clothing was scorched.

Finally, it became certain that the only way of stopping the fire was by blowing up some of the buildings in its path. James G. Barry was Mayor of the city at that time, and he was consulted with. He recognized the impossibility of stopping the fire in any way but by removing from its reach all that it could feed upon.

By this time the fire had reached the northeast corner of Market and Main streets, and was still blazing fiercely. It was cool, a search was begun for Tar-

gee. No one could tell where he had been. The explosion there had been no trace of him. Great holes were dug in the ruins, while streams of water played upon the debris, but not a trace could be found of Targee's body. The search was continued until long after daylight, and still no trace could be found. Targee had been removed, and his body had been found in the ruins. Not a sign of the missing man could be found, and there was some who hoped that after all the tremendous heat and flames, Targee had escaped. Where he had gone, no one knew, for searching through the ruins had failed to discover him.

Without waiting to raise the corpse of the monument, Targee and others had started to get the bodies of the slain out of the ruins. They were in the United States National, which of the time carried some ten acres of ground just south of Market street and extending west from the levee to Broadway.

At the Atlantic, Targee and his companions secured a half barrel of black powder, and carried it to the scene of the fire. They found that the Mayor and his staff were still engaged, but had begun to approach an agreement. A few moments later they had agreed. The plan was to blow up the building that was the cause of the fire, and to remove the debris to the river. The plan was to blow up the building that was the cause of the fire, and to remove the debris to the river.

The instant that the decision was announced, Targee was seen for the first time. He was carrying a bag of powder, and he was running towards the building. He was running towards the building, and he was running towards the building.

As soon as the barrel had been placed in the building, Targee ordered the men to light the fuse, and he prepared to light the fuse that was to explode the powder. The fuse was lit, and the powder exploded. The building was blown up, and the debris was scattered in every direction.

Before the ruins of the Phillips building were cleared, a search was begun for Targee. No one could tell where he had been. The explosion there had been no trace of him. Great holes were dug in the ruins, while streams of water played upon the debris, but not a trace could be found of Targee's body.

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Some five or six years later the city fathers decided that they would do something to perpetuate the memory of Thomas B. Targee. As a result, they decided to build a monument to his memory. The monument was to be a statue of Targee, standing on a pedestal. The pedestal was to be a block of granite, and the statue was to be a bronze statue of Targee, standing on a pedestal.

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that I saw her in my mind, for we took pains to verify the time of the occurrence. I am sure that there was no changing of plates, and no addition of the picture of Mrs. Frederick to the plate that was taken. The picture was taken, and the picture was developed. The same washing that brought out my features on the plate brought out, also, the features of Mrs. Frederick."

Mr. E. H. Rutter tells the same story in regard to the material substance of the experiment, and what was said to him, in very plain words, was that he was to be a thought-wave, while she was at the camera. Mr. E. H. Rutter explains the theory of the photograph of thought thus:

"I have experimented in this thing the eight months, and have obtained photographs which prove that thought-waves are a fact which cannot be denied. I have used subjects both male and female, and placing them sometimes in separate conditions, have had appear upon the plate pictures of the living who were far away or more pictures which had been compared up by the brain."

"While some of the most eminent English men of science are at work on the problem, I have my own theory, which is that the conductor of telegraphic force is the human ether which exists throughout all known space, and I agree with Mr. Henry Evans of this city, that mind or thoughts set up an atomic disturbance in the ether, and these are carried through space to a receiver medium by an especial affinity, unknown and unexplainable."

"Unlike the heat or sound waves, which radiate equally in all directions, but grow weaker in intensity as they are further from the point of generation, the thought rays appear to go direct to one object like the bullet from a gun. How far this wave may be developed I cannot say, but it is not impossible that in time it may be possible by thought-transference to take a picture of a person at a distance as easily as we now hear his voice over a 'phone. The waves of thought are just as real as the waves of sound or light, only we are as yet in the infancy of this science, and know not its possibilities, which may in a few years be everywhere known."

Mr. E. H. Rutter claims that he has taken other pictures that have shown more satisfactory results than did that of Mrs. Glenn. He says that on one occasion he took a picture of a woman who had lived her mind upon thoughts of Malinnet, and was thinking of him as she looked into him. When the plate was developed, it showed the photograph of Malinnet—not one that was in accordance with the pictures that have been painted of that prophet, but one that the sister said was an exact reproduction of his features and appearance as she had mentally pictured them. The Malinnet picture, as in the case of Mrs. Frederick's



Mrs. Frederick, who is the photographer.

picture, appeared over the right shoulder of the sister. Mr. E. H. Rutter does not attempt to explain this feature, unless by the hypothesis that the ether shock of the person whose mental picture is being viewed is being viewed on her right side.

Mr. E. H. Rutter intends to continue his experiments by testing pictures in every condition to which he can place subjects, and hopes to discover the laws of thought transference, as well as a perfect means of communicating with absent living persons by means of photography.

One of the most interesting of Washingtonian's photographs of himself, which was taken when he was in the city, the portrait appearing on a plate in which his daughter was sitting in Washington.

In a recent paper W. T. Stodd, the eminent physiologist of London, thus relates similar phenomena in England: "Presently I have only two experiments of the kind, but in each of these cases there is a direct fact that the body to which it belongs was at that moment a mile distant in one case, and six miles in the other. I have also twice succeeded in obtaining photographs of the double, the second self appearing standing a little behind the real person."

Mr. E. H. Rutter recently obtained considerable material through the invention of a machine, which he claimed would record thought, as a photograph records light. He has been successful in obtaining records of thought, and has been successful in obtaining records of thought.

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Mrs. Lyman T. Hay of Hot Springs, Ark.

### SPRING STREET GOWNS.

Princesses Effects and Bolero Jackets Are Most in Evidence.

The princess effect has, as was expected, proved rather a difficult fashion for most women to follow. However, it is still fashionable, and when well carried out is extremely effective. One of the latest Paris ideas is to have the skirt carried up above the waistline and then draped across, thus giving somewhat of the princess effect. It is really an adaptation of a fashion that was followed by a few smart people last summer. Mrs. Oliver Horne, a black dress de Chien gown, with the short skirt over the princess, was the first of these gowns seen in this country, and the fashion until now has proved too difficult to become common. When the skirt is draped over the waist it must not be draped more than two inches above the

belt, otherwise it will interfere with the flow of the skirt and utterly destroy the full figure ever seen, says Harper's Bazar. Gowns of silk and cloth combined will again be worn, and a smart instance of black over a heavy quality of black silk. The skirt has a long overskirt with a double box pleat in the back, and is trimmed around with square blocks of black cloth, while showing just below the overskirt is a flounce of the silk, also trimmed with the cloth. The skirt is in Eton jacket shape, with pointed fronts, and has a deep yoke in the back, caps over the sleeves, high collar and revers of black cloth, with shades of black silk. The vest that shows in front of this gown is of pleated chiffon, with reverse of lace, and at the throat is a full multi tie, with lace insertions and lace ends. There are more of these gowns made up in black than in any other color, but it is said on very good authority that the light colors are to be combined with the light cloths in the same way, and there certainly will be a difficulty in turning out most attractive costumes of this fashion.



Miss Gertrude-Quinlan as Berpolette in "Comes of Normandy."

### ABOUT TABLE LINENS.

A Few Points for the Shopper to Keep in Mind.

The preferred table linen is of fine damask with an embroidered border. The device is no longer made very large and complicated and is not much greater for the table than for the napkins. There is nothing so difficult to judge as table linens, and there are many who buy on exact quantities as so difficult to discern. In other than high-grade establishments, where one must depend upon personal judgment for the purity of a fabric, there are a few points to keep in mind. Pure linen is hard and slippery, never soft and pliable. If a material is finer and softer than an all-wool cloth the moisture will at once appear on the other side, whereas in mixed goods it will appear

slowly or not at all. The flax color is always intended to be faded, and every woman should learn to recognize it or its absence. Sheets with ruffled tops are again used, after being long abandoned. Sheets and pillow cases, with the latter cases in sets, are made of flax or grayish linen, now seen in many homes. It is nothing in another decoration which is much elaborated with drawn work for bed linen and towels. The lace which are chosen for trimming this class of household linen are Mollin, Valenciennes and guipure. Bed covers of Hapsburg embroidery are a thing of colored fabrics are seen. The white Marcelline, however, are the most satisfactory ones. They are finely and frequently laundered.